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Et qui nesciret in armis
 Quam magnum virtus crimen civilibus esset (vi, 147).
 Sicut squalentibus arvis
 Aestiferae Libyes viso leo comminus hoste
 Subsedit dubius totam dum collegit iram;
 Tum torta levis si lancea Mauri
 Haereat, aut latum subeant venabula pectus;
 Per ferrum tanti securus vulneris exit (i, 205 ff.).
 Quem, qui recto se lumine vidit
 Passa Medusa mori est? rapuit dubitantia fata
 Pervenitque metus: anima periere retenta
 Membra nec emissae riguere sub ossibus umbrae.
 Coeloque timente
 Olim Phlegraeo stantis serpente gigantes,
 Erexerunt montes, bellumque inmane deorum
 Pallados in medio confecit pectore Gorgon (ix, 638 ff., 654 ff.).

Another parallel to the last figure, it should be said, even closer in some respects, is to be found in Claudian, *Car.*, 53. An examination will show that the leading ideas of the two poets have been cleverly interwoven.

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ROBERT BARON'S TRAGEDY OF *MIRZA*

That Robert Baron's tragedy of *Mirza* shows imitations of Jonson has already been indicated, but only, so far as I am aware, in general terms. Langbaine, who has put the matter so mildly that his words are almost humorous, says:¹ "The Author seems to have propos'd for his pattern the famous *Catiline*, writ by *Ben. Jonson*: and has in several places not only hit the model of his Scenes: but even imitated the Language tolerably, for a young Writer." To show how very "tolerably" Baron had "imitated the language, for a young writer," Langbaine transcribes the first six lines spoken by Sylla's ghost in *Catiline*, and compares with them the first eight lines spoken by Emir-hamze-mirza's ghost in *Mirza*; but he proceeds no further into the matter. Warton tells us that *Mirza* is nothing more or less than a copy of Jonson's *Catiline*.² This, however, is a gross exaggeration. Gifford, who

¹ *An Account of the English Dramatick Poets* (1691), p. 12.

² *Poems upon Several Occasions, English, Italian, and Latin, with Translations*, by John Milton (1791), p. 407.

is more specific than either Langbaine or Warton, states in a note to the first speech of *Catiline*:³ "Robert Baron, in his tragedy of *Mirza*, not content with borrowing the plan and distribution of *Catiline*, has taken almost the whole of this and the preceding speech to himself. If we are not more honest than our ancestors, we certainly are at more pains to conceal our thefts; for Baron's plagiarisms are open and undisguised." Gifford fails to tell us that Baron, in one of his notes, confesses his indebtedness to Jonson:⁴ "Emir-hamze-mirza's Ghost, irritating his Brother *Abbas* to revenge him upon himself, bids him act those things upon his Son, which his very enemies shall pity (not without the example of the matchless *Johnson*, who, in his *Catiline* (which miraculous *Poem* I propose as my pattern) makes *Sylla's* Ghost persuade *Catiline* to do what *Hannibal* could not wish)."

Inasmuch as Baron's indebtedness to Jonson has, at best, been vaguely and inaccurately described, I shall attempt to disclose its extent and its precise nature. In the following list of borrowed passages I do not pretend to have gathered all that might be found—doubtless another reader would find more—but I have given, I think, all the important borrowings. And from an examination of these passages the reader will be able to observe the peculiar way in which Baron has adapted Jonson to his own uses.⁵

[*The Ghost of Sylla rises.*]

Behold, I come, sent from the
Stygian sound,
As a dire vapour that had cleft the
ground,
To ingender with the night, and
blast the day;
Or like a pestilence that should display
Infection through the world: which
thus I do.

[*Emir-hamze-mirza's Ghost.*]

.. behold, I come, from the dark
Lake,
To be thy evil *Genius*, and distill
Into thy darker bosom deeds shall
fill
The measure of thy sins up, and
pull down,
With violent hand, heavens vengeance
on thy Crown.

³ *The Works of Ben Jonson*, Cunningham-Gifford, three-volume ed., II, 80, n.

⁴ *Mirza* (1647), M.

⁵ In the quotations from Jonson the page numbers refer to the Cunningham Gifford three-volume edition. The quotations from *Mirza* are from a copy of the original edition in the possession of Professor Joseph Q. Adams.

[*The curtain draws, and Catiline is discovered in his study.*]

Pluto be at thy counsels, and into
Thy darker bosom enter Sylla's
spirit;
All that was mine, and bad, thy
breast inherit.
Alas, how weak is that for Cati-
line!
Did I but say—vain voice!—all
that was mine?—
All that the Gracchi, Cinna, Marius
would,
What now, had I a body again, I
could,
Coming from hell, what fiends would
wish should be,
And Hannibal could not have wished
to see,
Think thou, and practise.
.
. . . fate will have thee pursue
Deeds, after which no mischief can
be new.

[*Catiline rises and comes forward.*]

Cat. It is decreed: nor shall thy
fate, O Rome,
Resist my vow. Though hills were
set on hills,
And seas met seas to guard thee, I
would through;
Ay, plough up rocks, steep as the
Alps, in dust,
And lave the Tyrrhene waters into
clouds,
But I would reach thy head, thy
head, proud city!
The ills that I have done cannot be
safe
But by attempting greater; and I
feel
A spirit within me chides my slug-
gish hands,
And says, they have been innocent
too long.

[*Discovers Abbas in his study.*]

The foul Fiend aid thy counsellors;
and unto
Thee dictate what he would, but
cannot do.
.
Inherit all my fury, and obey
What jealousy shall prompt; mine
did I say?
Alas! (vain voice!) how weak is
that for thee!
The spirits of all unnaturall
Fathers be
Doubled upon thee. Act what the
Mogull
And *Turk* shall start to hear, what
th' *Tartar* shal
Pitty, what *Bahaman* could not
wish should be,
And the *Arabian* will lament to see.
Faulter not in thy course now, but
pursue
New mischiefs, till no mischief can
be new.

[*Abbas.*]

The vow is made, nor shall thy
flattering Fate
O *Mirza* contradict it; though thy
Troops
Stood like a wall about thee, nay,
though *Iove*
Presse all the Gods to guard thee,
and should arme
Them every one with Thunder, I
would through:
I'll tear the groundsells of thy
Towers up;
And make their nodding spires kisse
the Centre,
But I will reach thy heart, thy
heart, proud Victor.
The power that I have climb'd to
ere my time
Cannot be safe, if any reach too
near it.

Was I a man bred great as Rome
 herself,
 One formed for all her honours, all
 her glories,
 Equal to all her titles; that could
 stand
 Close up with Atlas, and sustain her
 name
 As strong as he doth heaven! and
 was I,
 Of all her brood, marked out for the
 repulse
 By her no-voice, when I stood can-
 didate
 To be commander in the Pontiac
 war!
 I will hereafter call her stepdame
 ever.
 If she can lose her nature, I can
 lose
 My piety, and in her stony entrails
 Dig me a seat.

[Enter Aurelia Orestilla.]

Who's there?
Aur. 'Tis I.
Cat. Aurelia?
Aur. Yes.
Cat. Appear,
 And break like day, my beauty, to
 this circle;
 Upbraid thy Phœbus, that he is so
 long
 In mounting to that point, which
 should give thee
 Thy proper splendour. Wherefore
 frowns my sweet?
 Have I too long been absent from
 these lips,
 This cheek, these eyes?

[Kisses them.]

Catiline, p. 79.

[Love] made my emergent fortune
 once more look
 Above the main; which now shall
 hit the stars,

I feel my Crowns totter upon my
 head,
 Methinks, and see him ready stand
 to latch them.
 Was I a Prince, born to the *Persian*
 greatness?
 Set equall with the Gods? and as
 ador'd
 As is the Sun our Brother? and
 shall I
 Be bearded by a Son, a beam of me?
 And like a Cypher add but to his
 value?
 I will, hereafter, call thee viper,
 ever.
 If thou canst lose thy filiall Duty, I
 Can lose my Bowells, and on thy
 ruines build
 A Pyramid to my revenge and
 safety.

.

[Enter Floradella.]

Who's that?
Flo. 'Tis I.
Abb. My *Floradella*?
Flo. Yes.
Abb. Enter my sweet: welcome
 as earliest light
 To th' infant world; and with thee
 ever bring
 A thousand Comforts to my thought-
 full breast.
 But why doth sadnesse invade Beau-
 ties Kingdom?
 And these faire eyes eclips their
 glorious splendour,
 With vailles of melancholly? . . .

[He kisseth them.]

Mirza, p. 1.

Till his encomiums hit the starrs,
 and stick

And stick my Orestilla there
amongst them.

Catiline, p. 81.

Who's that? It is the voice of
Lentulus.
Or of Cethegus.

Catiline, p. 82.

Call at the great, the fair, and
spirited dames
Of Rome about thee; . . .

Catiline, p. 82.

If't please you, madam,
The Lady Sempronia is lighted at
the gate
.

And comes to see you.

Catiline, p. 92.

O wretchedness of greatest states,
To be obnoxious to these fates!

Catiline, p. 88.

Each petty hand
Can steer a ship becalmed but . . .
. . . when her keel ploughs hell,
And deck knocks heaven; then to
manage her,
Becomes the name and office of a
pilot.

Catiline, p. 99.

Is there not something more than
to be Cæsar?
Must we rest there?

Sejanus, p. 314.

What is it, heavens, you prepare?
Catiline, p. 113.

how much the gods
Upbraid thy foul neglect of them,
by making
So vile a thing the author of thy
safety.

His Idolized name amongst them.
Mirza, p. 4.

Who's that? It is the voice of
Beltazar.
Or *Mahomet Allybeg*.

Mirza, p. 5.

In the mean time get thee a party
to thee
Of the male-spirited Dames, . . .

Mirza, p. 14.

If't please your grace, the Lady
Floradella
Is lighted at the gate, and means a
visite.

Mirza, p. 18.

O misery of greatest states!
Obnoxious to unconstant Fates!

Mirza, p. 23.

In a dull calm, a child may play
with th' helm,
But he's a Pilot can outride a
storm.

Mirza, p. 25.

Is there not something more for me
to do,
Than to gain *Persia's* Crownes, and
Asia's too?
Must I end there?

Mirza, p. 42.

What is it, Heavens, you suffer
here?

Mirza, p. 72.

How have we sinn'd! that you up-
braid us thus
T' indebt us for our safeties to such
low
Vile things!

.
They help thee by such aids as
geese and harlots.

Catiline, p. 105.

Would you, Curius,
Revenge the contumely stuck upon
you?

. now
Now is your time. Would Publius
Lentulus

Strike for the like disgrace? now is
his time.

Would stout Longinus walk the
streets of Rome,

Facing the Prætor? now has he a
time.

.
Is there a beauty here in Rome you
love?

. only spare
Yourselves, and you have all the
earth beside.

Catiline, p. 87.

But *Rome* thrice ow'd her life to as
vile a trash,
Once to a common Harlot, twice to
Geese.

Mirza, p. 125.

Would you my Lord
Elchee, requite your selfe for th'
injury

Late done to you? now, now's the
time to do it.

.
Would you, *Mozendra*, arrive at th'
hopes

You, I know, have, of things worthy
your merit,

And daring soul? this, this is the
way.

.
Would you, *Benefian*, render your
self

Worthy
. . . to teach the bravest Lady
Ith' *Persian* Court to give and take
a flame,

. now's the time.

.
And is there any thing that you,
sweet Ladies,

Can on your Pillows wish for? now
command it.

. Is there ever
A Knight, or smooth chin'd youth
your eye commends

Unto your heart? he is your ready
servant.

.
This is the way t' atchieve all these,
and more.

Mirza, p. 131.

Besides these instances of plagiarism, we find also a borrowing of quite a different nature. In *Catiline*, each of the first four acts ends with a chorus. The first two choruses consist of iambic tetrameter lines, the third consists of iambic feet which are alternately tetrameter and pentameter, and the fourth of iambic feet which are alternately tetrameter and dimeter. Similarly in *Mirza*,

each of the first four acts ends with a chorus, and the metrical scheme is identical with that in *Catiline*. Moreover, the similarity of theme in the choruses that end the first act of each play is striking.⁶ There is, as usual, some borrowing of phraseology; compare, for example, the opening line of the third chorus in *Mirza* with the opening line of the corresponding chorus in *Catiline*.⁷

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JACQUES DE VITRY AND BOEVE DE HAUMTONE

The difficult problem of the origin and date of *Boeve de Haumtone* is still far from solution, though numerous monographs in the last ten years have served to emphasize its importance and its innumerable literary relationships. Matzke (*Pub. Mod. Lang. Assn.*, xvii) proved its basic adaptation of the Saint George legend; Böje (*Zts. f. rom. Phil.*, Beihefte, xix) showed its mosaic-like borrowings and adaptations of French romance themes; and others have been concerned with the comparison and classification of the different versions.¹ It is of interest, therefore, to note the absorption into the romance of a story drawn from neither of these sources, a Crusader's tale which may by rare chance have come to the earliest author of the story by oral tradition, but which in much greater probability reached him through the *Sermones Vulgares* of Jacques de Vitry. These sermons, with their often vividly interesting and contemporary exempla, have been ascribed by Crane (*Exempla*, p. xl) on the evidence of Jacques' unknown biographer to the years 1226-40, and by Meyer (*Contes moralisés de Nicole Bozon*, p. xii), though on no stated grounds, to 1217, the date of Jacques' election as Bishop of Acre. The tale in question (No. xc

⁶ This similarity of theme is indicated in the sixth example.

⁷ See the ninth example.

¹ Billings, *Guide to Middle English Romance*, p. 36 ff.; Wells, *Manual of Writings in Middle English*, 1916, p. 765 ff. In addition see Brockstedt, *Floevent Studien*, Kiel, 1907, *Von mittelhochdeut. Volksepen frz. Ursprungs*, Kiel, 1912 (Beves, pp. 60-159); Settegast, *Quellenstudien z. gallo-rom. Epik*, Leipzig, 1904, ch. xvi; Wolf, *Das gegenseitige Verhältnis d. gereimten Fassungen d. festländ. Bueve de Hamtone*, Göttingen, 1912; and note 3 here.